

goods." Essentially, her message was one of hope for the coming industrial revolution which she believed the Star of Bethlehem foretold. The emotional climax of her speech came when she predicted: "I see that hour. I see the star breaking your chains; your chains will be broken, men. You will have to suffer more and more, but it won't be long. There is an awakening among all the nations of the earth." She closed by taking up a collection for beer.

The United Mine Workers of America Journal once praised her eloquence. "She can carry a crowd irresistibly to her own conclusions," the editor asserted; "She can rouse an audience to a frenzy of enthusiasm. . . ."<sup>25</sup> Age did not diminish her appeal. Governor Glasscock, described as "a frail, former schoolteacher and lawyer,"<sup>26</sup> did little to meet the miners' demands; within two weeks he had called in 1,200 militiamen. The following spring Mother Jones spent eighty-five days in a military prison for her continuous agitation in West Virginia.

### Letters from Jail

The correspondence of Mother Jones reveals her style, for she wrote as she talked. In a series of letters typewritten when she was nearly ninety, she told Ryan Walker,<sup>27</sup> the Socialist cartoonist, of "old warriors" and "faithful loyal workers" who had been replaced by "the element that is in and around Kansas City . . . who don't amount to a row of pins" and of various "vulchers," "sentimentalists," and "Perretical educators" [sic]. Rival labor organizers were as likely to be the subject of her wrath as were the capitalists. Her letters from jail were especially intense. In 1913, imprisoned and under solitary confinement in West Virginia, she expressed her pent-up emotions in messages smuggled to the outside world by the friendly soldier guarding her. She openly expressed her contempt for her jailors with her usual epithets, reserving a few for "the dear well-fed socialists" who seemed unaffected by the suffering of "us poor devils." With her fighting spirit roused, she closes this letter with her usual defiance: "The pirates can't shut me up even if I am in jail watched by the bloodhounds."<sup>28</sup>

<sup>25</sup> April 28, 1911.

<sup>26</sup> *Excerpting*, 92.

<sup>27</sup> Walker Manuscripts, Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. Two are dated December 12, 1918, and September 21, 1920, another dated only "Sept."

<sup>28</sup> Walker Manuscripts, Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. Dated April 27, 1913, from "Proc. W. Va. Military Prison."

Sometimes Mother Jones expressed herself in loftier language and caused a public sensation. In a telegram to Senator John N. Kern, who was conducting an inquiry into labor problems, an impassioned Mother Jones wrote: "From out of the military prison walls of Pratt, West Virginia, where I have walked over my eighty-fourth milestone in history, I send you the groans and tears and heartaches of men, women and children as I have heard them in this state. From out of these prison walls, I plead with you for the honor of this nation, to push that investigation, and the children yet unborn will rise and call you blessed."<sup>29</sup> Reportedly, the friend-soldier read the message and declared: "It's fine stuff, Mother." Others thought so, too. Mother Jones was happy to report that "the Senators in Washington told me that in fifty years nothing had ever struck the Senate like that telegram."<sup>30</sup>

An open letter smuggled from "the Colorado Military Bastile" in Walsenburg caused a public outcry and a flood of letters to Washington in 1914. "Let the nation know," she pleaded, "and especially let my friend General Francisco Villa know that the United States of America . . . is now holding 'Mother' Jones incommunicado in an underground cell surrounded with sewer rats, tin horn soldiers and other vermin."<sup>31</sup> She was released after twenty-six days' imprisonment.

### Autobiography

Mother Jones was ninety-five years old and near the end of her long life when her Autobiography appeared in 1925. Although her dates are generally considered to be unreliable, she vividly recalls her past struggles and her hopes for the future of the working classes. Much of the information about her life she had given before in Congressional testimony. But her story as she tells it reveals her style as well as her struggles. She wrote and spoke with the eloquence of the unlettered (although she was better educated than she claimed, having read many classical authors). Her sentimentality and glorification of the working classes provided emotional appeal. Her motherly qualities contributed greatly to her effectiveness, for her "boys" responded to her motherliness, as did her foes. She often called for an end to hostilities because "I don't want to hear your mothers crying." By appealing the filial pieties, she shamed men into good-

<sup>29</sup> May 18, 1913, Jones, *Autobiography*, 165.

<sup>30</sup> *U. S. House of Representatives Hearings*, 1963.

<sup>31</sup> *Industrial Union Bulletin*, Mar. 1914.

ness. Her biographer observes that miners' families were often matriarchies. "Miners," he said, "whether they admitted it or not, were used to being told what to do by their mothers and their wives."<sup>32</sup>

Although displaying tenderness toward her "boys" and their families, Mother Jones was essentially made of steel. Recalling her defiance of a Colorado governor who had ordered her deported, she warned West Virginia Governor Glasscock against a similar move. "It won't do to tamper with women of the right metal," she declared. "A man is a fool, if he is a governor, to tell a woman not to do a thing."<sup>33</sup> Her heroic feats of courage and endurance, even into her seventies and eighties, became legend. Her all-night marches at the head of striking miners; her seizure and deportation in the middle of the night by law enforcement officials; her long incarcerations in a cellar and as the solitary inmate in a military prison; her presence at numerous scenes of violence and bloodshed where she often took command, once placing her hand over a cannon, alternately outwitting the enemy and tearing up her voluminous petticoats for bandages—such displays of complete fearlessness made her the heroine in reminiscences and ballads. One who had seen her in action described her succinctly: "She wasn't afraid of the devil."<sup>34</sup> Mother Jones herself once confirmed this hyperbole. "I never get nervous when I face bayonets . . ." she declared; "it does not make any difference to me when I die, if I am dying for a good cause."<sup>35</sup> In the face of this total personal disregard, law enforcement officials, mine operators, and "scabs" faltered before Mother Jones, for as Thoreau remarked on the ineffectual enemies of John Brown, they "lacked a cause."

### Conclusion

Mother Jones never doubted her role as rebel leader of the poor and fighter for freedom, a legacy from her Irish ancestors. "This nation was founded on agitators," she said repeatedly. On any question of freedom, Mother Jones knew she stood on sacred ground when she matched the Bill of Rights against a local ordinance. "Do you have a permit to speak on the streets?" a judge once asked. "Yes, I have." "Who issued it to you?" the judge demanded. She answered:

<sup>32</sup> *Forbearing*, 168.

<sup>33</sup> *Proceedings of Meeting Held at Front Steps of Capital in Charleston on August 15, 1892*, U. S. Senate Hearings, 2208.

<sup>34</sup> In his introduction to the *Autobiography*, Fred Thompson cites Archie Green in *Labor History* (Winter 1966) who quotes this recollection of John Farrant, author of one version of the following "The Death of Mother Jones," xv.

<sup>35</sup> U. S. House of Representatives Hearings, 10621.



"Patrick Henry; Thomas Jefferson; John Adams." Sacred historical documents were her "higher laws."

Her aid of bustling authority was contagious. When Mother Jones, dressed in old-fashioned, aristocratic silk dresses like the ones she once made for Chicago's wealthy ladies, tied on her bonnet and set off marching, she soon had her own army behind her. "God, it's the old mother and her army" became a popular cry. Her biographer wrote: "Mother Jones was . . . a folk heroine whose inspiration reached down to those people who were unimportant in name or wealth but all important in numbers."<sup>36</sup> She symbolized the hopes and dreams of thousands of faceless, isolated, inarticulate workers who spent their waking hours toiling in dreary factories and underground mines. She spoke the words that they could not say to others or even to themselves, and they venerated her almost to sainthood. In turn, she had complete faith in the workers and the labor movement. "The future," she prophesied, "is in labor's strong, rough hands."<sup>37</sup>

# It Wasn't My House . . . But My Mother's

## My Mother's House

(Continued From Last Week)

### The Courtship

"Oh yes, I shall," he retorted, and continued his way to the house.

The courtship was a formal one, I am told, but speedy, and my mother was married on the twenty-second day of July, the year 1880. The bridal pair set out at once for China, my father forgetting, it has been said, to buy a second ticket until the last minute. It was a significant forgetting. I never heard my mother mention it, and a cousin told me the story. This is not to say that my father was derelict in his duty to his family, when that duty was pointed out to him. It was simply that he lived in the world of books and ideas and philosophy.

As for my mother, she continued, I think, to live in her own house. I think in spirit she never left that gracious white house at the foot of the Allegheny mountains. Underneath the white painted wood, the house, she told me, was of red brick. I imagine that my great-grandfather and my grandfather, being city men of Utrecht, Holland, did not like the idea of living in a wooden house. The inner structure, doubtless, they thought should be of stronger stuff. I know how they felt for when I returned to my own country to live I could not imagine myself living in a house made of wood. It is too frail, or so it seems to me, accustomed as I am to the houses of China, built of brick or stone or in peasant villages in the north of thick adobe walls. My own house is built of Pennsylvania field stone, and it has stood for nearly a century and a half, for the walls are like the walls of a castle. A house of wood? Yes, it can be very beautiful, especially in New England where the towns are made of white houses with green shutters. But a match put to wood makes a fire, does it not? Therefore my own house is of stone, and my mother's house was inwardly of brick. From Utrecht her grandfather and father came with three hundred other souls, a church full of good people and with them their pastor, all in search of religious freedom. For a brief period there was religious strife in Holland, but it lasted so short a time that had they been patient, in six months time it would have been over and they could have stayed in their comfortable houses, enjoying their wealth and culture. Where I would have been had they done so, or would I have been at all, is a puzzle. Certainly I would not have had a Lincoln-like saint for a father, and I cannot imagine myself as I am, without him.

### Shipload of Good People

The shipload of good people, bringing their wealth with them, was woefully and disgracefully cheated upon reaching the land of their choice. I do not know the full story of their arrival, for it remains a painful family memory. I do know that my ancestors bought woodlands in what was then Virginia and into the forest they went, city people who had never seen a mountain in their native land. They had no conception of what it meant to build even a simple log cabin and wily settlers robbed them without mercy. In the end they sold the woodlands and moved to the beautiful plain at the foot of the mountains, and there built the house like a city house. Vague discussions I never fully understood when I was a child and I have not heard since, conveyed to me nevertheless that the valuable early lands were sold at an abnormally low price, and had the family held them, they would have been immensely wealthy today. Be that as it may, they could not live in the forests. They were not forest people. They were city folk, accustomed to theater and music and books and all the rich culture of an ancient European nation, and they starved without it. My mother's house was delivered with memories of European culture, it became a part of her education and nature and later of mine. To me, growing up in China, she imparted the best of the West, while I lived in the greatest and oldest culture of the East, and was thus doubly endowed. For this thanks be to fate.

Throughout all my growing years, then, I was aware that my mother's real life remained in her own house across the sea. Yes she made homes in China that were exquisite in taste. All my memories there are of quiet cool rooms, flowers everywhere, simple delicious meals, and prevailing order. There was no disorder in any home that my mother created. Yes, she created every room except the room where my father lived which was called his study. There he allowed no mirrors and no flowers, and the floor was bare. Books cov-

ered the walls, and a vast desk stood in the middle of the room. His typewriter, which he took care of himself, though with difficulty, for he had no mechanical ability, was on a small separate table. Somehow that room had nothing to do with the rest of the house. It was always near the front door and accessible to Chinese guests, grave gentlemen in long gowns, men of tradition, who carried on endless scholarly discussions with my father in lofty Chinese language. Sometimes the guests were my father's helpers at various mission stations who came to collect their salaries or receive directions. Whatever and whoever they were, all seemed remote from our family life, which was in the rest of the house. There we found ourselves, like my mother was of a gay disposition, although she had certain moods which darkened the day for us and which we never understood. Only when I was much older and knew the private story of her life did I guess, and only guess, for she never confided her secret thoughts and feelings to any of us. But when she was what we called "Queen" — this is, when the laughter and the quick grace and the gay talk were stirred — we were troubled.

### Reasonable Question

"What is the matter, Mother?" we asked.  
"Nothing," she would reply. "Nothing at all! Am I never to be allowed to be quiet?"

We could not answer this reasonable question, and were only quieted in turn. In quiet we played apart, subdued and puzzled until her gay self came back to us. Ah, then were depths in her that none of us ever knew! Whatever the personal shadows, basic to all was her unchanging longing for her home and her country. She was too young when she left that home of hers, and it remained forever in her memory as the home of her childhood, the place where her beloved mother lived and died, and where beauty was. She was friendly to the Chinese as she was friendly to all human beings, but she did not, I dare now to say, love them as my father did (or as I have always loved them and do love them still).

### There Were Reasons

There were reasons for this. The Chinese are delightful but careless, whereas my mother was fastidiously neat and clean. I never saw her wearing a soiled or wrinkled garment, and all her personal belongings were dainty and fine and well kept. Our house was comfortable but immaculate, and her Chinese servants had first of all to be clean in every way. Raw foods and salads she prepared herself, because she did not trust Chinese hands, and although she taught her cook to make the lightest cakes that tongue ever tasted, and her hot breads were delectable, she would not let him touch them with his hands. She had been beautifully trained by her French mother, her standards were impeccable and less than the best she would not tolerate.

Speaking of cakes, my mother's fresh coconut cake I have never found elsewhere matched. The coconuts were local, and were bought in their original hairy state from the market by our Chinese cook. Every step was enchanting to me, as a child, in the making of this fabulous cake. The coconut was drained of its milk, nature having provided three tender spots in the hard shell. The drained shell was then cracked and the white meat separated. It came off with a dark skin that had to be sliced off. The pieces of fresh white meat were then washed and grated by hand on an old-fashioned grater, an agonizing task, for unless one were careful one scraped also one's fingers, in which case my mother's sharp eyes always detected pink stains upon the snow white coconut meat. No tinned coconut can possibly equal in flavor the taste of a fresh coconut, and not only a fresh one, but one plucked newly from the palm trees. I was reminded of that fact last year when in India I sat at breakfast on an outdoor terrace and watched barelegged boys climbing the coconut palms, rope in hand, to cut the clusters of nuts and lower them gently to the ground. These were the day's supply for the guests. One bought a nut at the stand and had the milk drained into a glass to drink warm and sweet and then waited for the coconut meat to be cut into squares and pooled.

The years passed. My mother's house became more than the house in which I was born. It became the symbol of security and peace in a world where there was neither security nor peace. I know, from the vantage of these years, that the change did not come suddenly, but it seemed sudden to me, a small child living within the shelter of our Chinese



home, with parents and kindly Chinese friends and devoted Chinese servants. Suddenly, then, it seemed that I was no longer the happy child of favored people. Instead I became a member of something called The White Race, and without knowing it I was one of a group of persons who was attacking China, dividing the country and exploiting the people. All unknown to me, much too small to understand such matters, this sort of thing had been going on for a long time.

It was true that England and European nations had been demanding pieces of Chinese territory and concessions in trade. France had taken an enormous slice of China and called it Indo-China. It is the same territory where now American men are fighting in Vietnam. Germany had taken land and cities, and I could see with my own eyes in the city near which we lived that England had taken land along the Yangtze river, had walled it off, and within the walled area Englishmen and their families lived as though they were in England. On the river itself English ships carried passengers and goods, and there were French, German and Japanese ships as well. But the western nations were the worst for they were the most predatory and they had the weapons.

### Near the End of a Dynasty

China was near the end of a dynasty, too. This meant that the imperial family in Peking was near its end after two hundred years of rule. All over China there were restlessness and division. Young men were dreaming of a new imperial house, this time Chinese instead of Manchu, and following the traditional Chinese pattern as a dynasty soared its close, young men of strength and influence were cycling each other as rivals. In Peking the old Empress Dowager, Tzu Hsi, was clinging desperately to the last stronghold of her power. Revolutionists had crept even into the palace and she was too old and tired to try new ways herself. Her only solution for western encroachments was to get rid of the Westerners. The great Tai Ping rebellion she had put down some twenty years before, at the cost of twenty million Chinese lives, and she was right, perhaps, in thinking that the men of the West were her chief enemies now.

She searched desperately for help and found none. Within the palace she trusted no one, for she had found rebels even





had to be sold.

I have the story of that from the man who bought it, a neighbor and a friend of the family, whose own handsome house was further up the hill than ours. It was years later that he told me. By then I had not only returned to China, but had married, had given birth to a child, had seen my mother die. I knew from her own lips, too, what it meant to lose the family home. True, she was only a daughter of the house and as I have said it was given always to the eldest son and to his son, but each member of the family was welcome there. I think when she knew that the house no longer belonged to our family that something broke in her heart. She gave up the hope of returning to her own country ever again. There was nothing to which to return now that the center was gone. My uncle's family was dispersed, my cousins scattered and married, the house emptied of its furniture and of the treasures that had been brought from Holland so long ago. What my uncle must have suffered, I can only imagine. My cousin suffered, too, as I know from the lips of the man who bought the house.

"He came here to me in the night," the man told me. "He was distracted and heartbroken, as I could see. I asked him what was the matter and he told me he had been unlucky in business and owed more than he could pay and the house had to be sold. Your family is proud, and he was proud and I could see what it cost him to tell me. But he said he could not bear to see the house sold to strangers and if it had to go, he'd rather it went to a friend. So I told him I would buy it and I did."

### **Took Children to See the House**

This, as I said, I heard years later and when I took my own children to see the house where I was born. It wrenched my heart to see my mother's house as it was instead of as I remembered it. The parlor had of tragic necessity become the bedroom for an invalid wife, making it necessary to push into the background the books and the organ. Sickness pervaded the atmosphere and gave the house an air of transience, and for the time being it was no longer a home as I remembered it. Its soul had fled, and it stood a shell of a house upon its old and solid foundations. I longed to buy it and see it restored again as my mother's house. But it was not for sale.

Once more I returned to it. I am drawn back to it, I know, changed as it is. This time I found the house owner was dead and the house was locked. Every door was locked and the vine was stripped from the portico, leaving it desolate and bare. It was clear that no one lived there. I could not bear to leave it standing alone and empty and I longed to walk again among the rooms, strange as they had become to me, but I could only peer in the windows and see those rooms deserted and grey with dust. For me my

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### Rev. A. Sydenstricker, D. D.

Rev. A. Sydenstricker, D. D., for fifty-one years a member of our mission in China, passed away after a few days illness of dysentery at the home of his daughter in Kuling, China, on August 31, 1931. Dr. Sydenstricker was born in Greenbrier comnty, West Virginia, on August 13, 1852. He prepared himself for the ministry and the mission field, attending Washington and Lee University, where he was graduated with high honors, and the Union Theological Seminary, Virginia. He came to China with his bride in 1880, being stationed first in Soochow and later in Hangchow. But he was a man especially fitted for pioneer work, and he was always anxious to go where the Gospel had not yet been preached and no others at work. He opened several of the stations in the North Kiangsu mission and later in his life settled at Chinkiang, from where as a center, he worked over a wide radius of country. He had definite ideals of mission methods, being among the first to advocate education for Christians and an educated ministry. Before a seminary was begun in China he had training classes for ministers, and later was one of the first to help organize the Nanking Theological Seminary where also the last ten years of his life was spent as Deam of the Correspondence School. He believed in self support and the self autonomy of the Chinese Christian Church, and in all his work bore these ideals in mind. He was a man gentle in nature and selfsacrific-



gentle in nature and selfsacrificing to the last fibre of his being. The Chinese people recognized these traits and he was well beloved by them to a degree far beyond the usual. Added to these they respected him for his sound scholarship and his familiarity with their language. One of his outstanding places

the translation of the New Testament into an easy and simple vernacular, pure in style, and easy for the common man to comprehend if he could read. His last work was to make the final revision for a new edition of this work. In a time when many missionaries became discouraged and lost their faith in the times and in the Chinese people, Dr. Sydenstricker, in spite of his years and many hardships and tragic experiences, maintained steadfastly his faith in his mission, which was preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and in the integrity and goodness of the Chinese people. His was a heart of large simplicity. He believed the best of the people among whom he worked, and his belief was rewarded by their love and confidence. He deplored all division in the church and all his efforts were to strengthen cooperation between denominations, between organizations, between Chinese and foreigners. In spite of his soundest and most orthodox faith and creed, he refused to take part in bitter argument and used often to say, "I dislike equally the extreme fundamentalist and the extreme modernist. I am conservative. We must all work together for the glory of God." Such was his spirit and such the man. His life remains to us, who knew him best, a constant victory over fear and doubt and depression. A timid man in many ways, diffident, not loving hazard for its own sake, when confronted with the necessity of enduring danger and hardship he bore not only with fortitude but with grace and a serene spirit, which could be nothing but the fruit of a changeless faith in God's goodness. This faith he preached without ceasing, he practiced his whole life, and in this faith he died tranquilly.

P. F. PRICE.

Nanking, China. 10-5-31

## C. J. STULTING DEAD

Cornelius John Stulting was born in Utrecht, Holland, on June 16, 1842, of parents who were staunch members of the Reformed Church of Holland—sometimes properly called the Dutch Reformed Church. When the Government of Holland attempted to supplant the Calvinistic teaching of the church with the liberal views that were then beginning to spread through the influence of the Higher Criticism this family remained loyal to the old faith and were sorely persecuted therefor. At length they decided to migrate to America and so when our subject was five years of age they left their native land for this country and landed in New York in the summer of 1847. After a short sojourn in New York they came to Pocahontas county and settled near Edray but soon after removed to the Little Levels.

Mr. Stulting was educated in the schools of that day—the old academies maintained by private patronage. He was at school in Hillsboro, Frankford, and at Union in Monroe county. He thus laid the foundation of a liberal education, but was hindered from pursuing his studies because of the burden of caring for younger brothers and sisters.

He became a teacher himself and for twenty-five years taught in the public schools of his county. Many are now living who can testify to his worth as a teacher. He had the teacher's gift of inspiring his pupils with his own high ideals. Some of his old pupils recently said that he was the means of planting an ambition in their hearts to make the most of their talents. This is not surprising to those who knew Mr. Stulting. He was a man of strong personality and positive convictions and when he had an opportunity he impressed these on all around him.

He made a profession of religion in early youth and united with the Oak Grove church under the pastorate of the Rev. M. D. Dunlap. The Christian life so early begun continued consistently through about sixty-eight years. In all that time he bore witness to the power of Christ's gospel to save and to keep. The writer has never known a man more loyal to the Bible, to the gospel of the Kingdom, and to the faith of his fathers. He loved the deep things of the spirit and loved to talk of them and was well informed on all the doctrines of Scripture. It is no wonder, then, that a man of such information should also be a man of faith. He believed and trusted Christ and he knew that in Him he had an all-sufficient Savior. He was not afraid of the final hour. He said to the writer in an illness of a year or two ago, "Well, I cannot hope to be here much longer. And why should I wish to remain here. I have as many or more loved ones and friends over there as I have here and if I go I leave them to be with them." And then he spoke of his

good mother and of the impression her Christian character had made on him. Who can tell the far-reaching power of a good mother's training on the generations that come after.

Many years ago Mr. Stulting was elected and ordained an elder in Oak Grove Church and was conscientious and faithful to the discharge of his duties as an official. He felt an especial obligation to attend divine worship and although for several years past owing to the infirmities of age he could hear little of the sermons he was always present when health permitted. Few people seem to realize what encouragement such faithfulness is to a pastor.

Mrs. Stulting had five sisters and one brother. Of these two sisters preceded him to the life to come—Mrs. John Myers and Mrs. Abraham Syonstriker, for many years a missionary in China. Mrs. Newton Doyle, Mrs. Floyd Doyle, Mrs. John Myers, and Mr. C. L. Stulting survive. There are four children—Mrs. Quincy Callison of Bound Brook, N. J., Mrs. Lemuel Smith, of Charlottesville, Va. Miss Mamie and C. E. Stulting at home with the mother at home survive to feel the loss of a most devoted husband and father.

God has called his servant to his reward and he was ready for the call. During his illness he often expressed his willingness to go whenever the summons should come and we feel sure that the call did not take him unawares. The end came peacefully and painlessly Friday morn., October 13, 1922.

The lessons we may learn from such a life as our brother's are then of industry, frugality, and rigid honesty. He had the stern virtues of the Puritan training received in his father's home. He loved righteousness and hated injustice and could be found on the right side of every moral question that agitated the community. He did not hesitate to declare his position for there was no shrinking from what he believed to be his duty. It has seemed to the writer that the language of the first Psalm applies with special appropriateness to his life and character.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful; but his delight is in the law of the Lord and in his law doth he meditate day and night."

Servant of God, well done.  
Rest from thy loved employ  
The battle fought, the victory won  
Enter thy Master's joy.

The pains of death are past;  
Labor and sorrow cease.  
And life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found at peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done.  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Savior's joy.

J. C. J.

THE

WEEKLY

VIRGINIA 24954, DECEMBER 4, 1975

Images



County High  
mas Program



Christm



## Snowshoe

Judge Nickell Kramer ruled Tuesday on the petitions made in last Friday's hearing and approved the sale of Snowshoe's real estate and certain personal property next Monday under a deed of trust given to the Charleston National Bank.

The sale, as has been advertised, is to be held at the Pocahontas County Court House on Monday, Dec. 8, at 10 am.

Judge Kramer ordered that the money from the sale be placed in the Greenbrier Valley Bank as Special Receiver and that Attorney Ralph D. Keightley be appointed Special Commissioner.

Shoppers S S S

A skeleton hanging high in a tree was found Thanksgiving afternoon and apparently ends the mystery of the Walter Smith—Peter Hauer tragedy. The identification of the bones as being those of Peter Marshall Hauer was positively confirmed Monday by the State's Chief Medical Examiner, Dr. Ivan Sopher, in a call to Corporal W. R. Dyer, State Policeman, of Marlinton, who was in charge of the investigation. Comparison was made to dental and skull X-rays supplied by his family doctor. His death was ruled a suicide by hanging and the time of death was judged to be in accordance with the time of

Hauer's disappearance about June 9. The heavy foliage at that time of year had prevented the sighting of the body in the intensive search in June, and, of course, the search had centered on caves.

Sammy Dean, of Hillsboro, and his eleven year old son, Larkin, were hunting in the Lobelia area Thursday (November 27) when the boy saw the skull in the tree. The head and part of the neck skeleton was with a four foot section of rope about 30 feet above the ground. The remainder of the skeletonized body had fallen to the ground. The location was about two and a half miles from Hauer's home on the old



two and a half miles from Hauer's home on the old Hull place owned by Elmer Wymer, as near as we can ascertain.

Hauer was born November 11, 1945, in Lebanon, Pennsylvania. His mother, Carmelia Hauer, and a sister, Liss, survive him. He was a former teacher and his interest in caves had brought him to the Lobelia area, where he purchased the Harper Anderson farm. He was working on a history of salt peter caves in Pocahontas, Greenbrier and Monroe Counties.

Corporal Dyer says that he is satisfied this is the end of the mystery that began with

Your deposits up to \$40,  
**Comple**

## **POCAHONTAS TIMES**

**(Page 2)**

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second class matter.**

### **SUBSCRIPTION CHARGES**

**In Pocahontas County \$4.00 a year  
Elsewhere \$5.00 a year. In advance**

**JANE PRICE SHARP, EDITOR**

**THURSDAY, DEC. 4, 1975**

**Pioneer Days—July 9-11, '76**

### **County History**

We got started on Mar-  
hinton school history, then  
came the opera house, and  
this week we have some  
more recollections.

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We would not advise any one to try it without providing a big pile of straw to fall on.

When the Virginia troops were on the march to Yorktown, Daniel O'Friel's team was pressed and Jeremiah was detailed to take charge of it. This was about the most of the service he was called on to render during the Revolutionary war.

Several years before his death he was riding through the woods one dark night. The horse passed under a tree with wide spreading limbs, and Mr Friel was so severely injured in his spine that he was virtually helpless the remainder of his life. He died in 1819, sincerely lamented by his relatives, neighbors and friends.

### PETER LIGHTNER.

Forty or fifty years ago, one of the most generally known citizens of our county was Peter Lightner, on Knapps Creek. He was tall in person, active in his movements, always in a good humor, and one of the most expert horsemen of his times, and perhaps realized as much ready change swapping horses as any other of his citizen contemporaries. He could come so near making a new and young horse of an old dilapidated framework of an animal as was possible for anyone to do who has ever made a business of dealing in horse-flesh.

Near the close of the last century, he settled on Knapps Creek, on land purchased from James Poage, who emigrated to Kentucky. Mr Poage had built a mill which Mr Lightner improved upon, and for years accommodated a wide circle of customers, who had



gotten tired of hominy and hominy meal pounded in a goblet-shaped block. The pestle by which the trituration was done was usually a piece of wood like a hand-spike, with an iron wedge inserted in one end, and fastened by an iron band to keep it from splitting. This mill was a precious and valuable convenience, and brought comfort to many homes, and some of the most toothsome bread ever eaten in our county was made of meal from Lightner's mill. Some families had hand-mills, but they were about as hard to operate as the hominy block, or mortar with the iron-bound pestle.

It is believed Mr Lightner came from the neighborhood of Crab Bottom, near the headwaters of the South Branch of the Potomac. His wife was Alcinda Harper, a sister of Henry Harper, the ancestor of the Harper connexion in our county. She, therefore, brought that pretty name to Pocahontas, and there have been many Alcindas in her worthy descendants and relatives.

The property owned by Peter Lightner is now in possession of Hugh Dever and the family of the late Francis Dever, Esq., a few miles from Frost.

Mr Lightner's family consisted of one son and four daughters.

Jacob Lightner, their only son, married Miss Eliza Moore, who was reared on the farm now occupied by Andrew Herold, Esq., near Frost. Her father was John Moore, a son of Moses Moore, the noted pioneer, and her mother was a McClung, of the Greenbrier branch of that noted connexion. Jacob Lightner's children were Peter Lightner, who died at home; John

M. Lightner, once a member of the Huntersville bar, and moved to Abilene, Texas, where he died a few years since; Samuel M. Lightner was a student of Union Theological Seminary, and had about completed his studies for the Presbyterian ministry when he entered the army. He married Miss Sally Mildred Poage, in Rockbridge County, and died a few months after his marriage, at Batesville, Virginia, and was buried at Falling Spring Church near the Natural Bridge. His widow married Rev Edward Lane, D.D., a distinguished missionary to Brazil, where he died much lamented. For some time Mrs Lane has resided in Staunton, Virginia, to be near her daughters who were pupils of Miss Baldwin's Seminary.

Aleinda, one of Jacob Lightner's daughters, was a noted beauty, and very popular. She became the wife of the late James B. Campbell, of Highland County, Virginia.

Mary, another daughter, married Rev John W. Hedges, of Berkley County, a widely known Methodist minister of the Baltimore Conference.

Alice, the youngest daughter never married.

The eldest daughter of Peter and Aleinda Lightner, was named Elizabeth. She was married to Joseph Sharp at Frost. Mr and Mrs Sharp were the parents of Abraham and Peter Sharp at Frost, and Henry Sharp at Douthards Creek. Polly Sharp married John Hannah; on Elk, and was the mother of the late Bryson Hannah, of Frost, and Mrs George Gibson, near Marlinton.

Phebe Sharp first married the late Henry Harper, Jr.,

who died of an accidental wound inflicted while fixing a gate latch near Sunset schoolhouse. She afterwards married Mr Abe Rankin. Susan Sharp became the wife of the late William Burr, on Brown's Mountain, near Huntersville. Mr Burr died suddenly in F. J. Snyder's law office, whither he had gone to look after some business affairs.

Rachel Sharp lives near Frost on the old home place.

Susan Lightner, another daughter of our worthy pioneer, Peter Lightner, was married to George Gay, a brother of the late John Gay, Esq., near Marlinton. For many years Mr and Mrs Gay lived on the farm now in the possession of F. A. Renick, Esq., near Hillsboro, until their removal to the State of Iowa.

Polly Lightner and the late Sheldon Clark, Esq., were married and settled in the Little Levels, where their son, Sherman; now lives. Mr Clark came from the state of Connecticut, and made an immense fortune by merchandising and farming. He was a highly esteemed citizen, and by strict attention to his own business he prospered much. Mr Clark is survived by four sons: Sherman, Henry, Alvin, and Preston.

Sherman H. Clark, the eldest, married Mary Frances daughter of the late Joel Hill, and lives on the old Clark homestead.

Alvin Clark married Mary Agnes, daughter of the late Josiah Beard, and resides east of Hillsboro.

Henry Clark lives near the head of Spring Creek.

Preston Clark married Josephine Levisay, near Frankford, and lives on the George Poage property, west of Hillsboro.



There was another worthy brother, Peter Clark, whose wife was Martha Blair. He died several years since on a farm south of Hillsboro.

The history of Sheldon Clark illustrates the Pocahontas possibilities in reach of those who are moral in habits, diligent in business, honest and strictly upright in their business relations. The advancement of such may be slow, but it will be sure and enduring, and the results bring comfort and influence to those who inherit them, a rich heritage to children's children.

Phebe Ann Lightner was married to John Cleek, on Knapps Creek, on the place now occupied by the homes of their sons, Peter L. and the late William H. Cleek, and their daughter, Mrs B. F. Fleshman.

The annals just recorded of these persons may be brief and simple, but yet how very suggestive as one reflects upon them. From these biographical notes material may be gathered illustrating pioneer sufferings and privations, thrilling romance, tragic incidents in peace and war.

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### JOHN BARLOW.

Among the worthy pioneers of our county, the venerated John Barlow, ancestor of the Barlow connexion, is very deserving of remembrance. He was the only son of Alexander Barlow, of Bath County, who was a French emigrant, and had married an English emigrant, whose name was Barbara. He was living in Bath when the Revolutionary war came on. Entering the service of the colonies he fell in battle, according

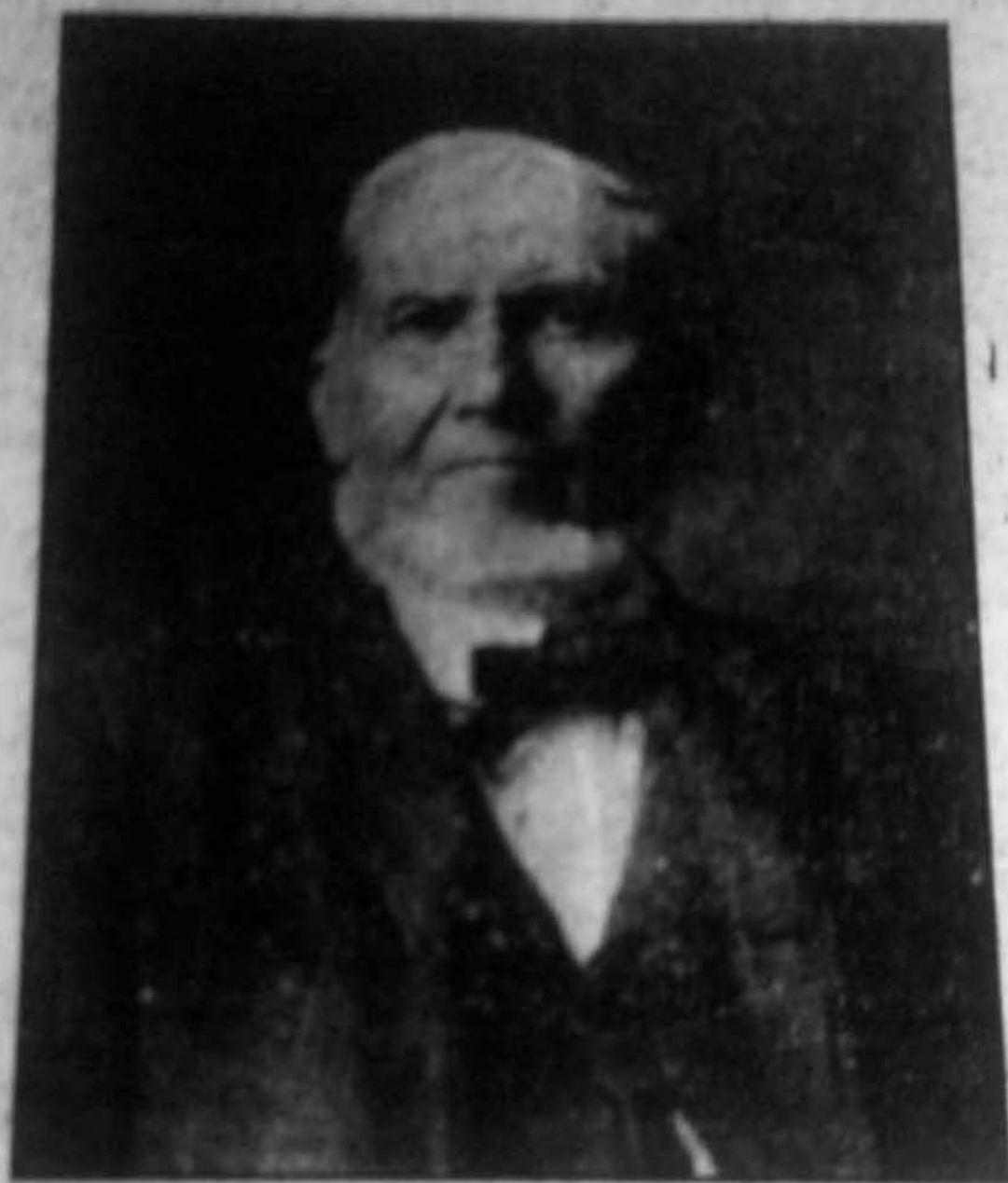


PHOTO BY GROVER

## PETER D. YEAGER

Peter D. Yeager died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Gertie Yeager, who resided close by, affording abundant opportunity for the family to be with him at the last.

## PETER D. YEAGER

Peter D. Yeager died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Gertie Gum, Thursday morning, December 6, 1906, after a short illness, aged 76 years. The cause of his death was an attack of grip.

Mr. Yeager was born at Travelers Rest (now Bartow) June 22, 1830. At the outbreak of the Civil War he volunteered in the Confederate army and at the skirmish around Camp Bartow he was taken prisoner and sent to Camp Chase. Later he was transferred to the prison at Rock Island, Illinois. On his return after being released from prison he found his house and all his property burned. Not a fence was left standing on the place and he stated that the situation almost made him feel as though he would have to give up. Seeing a bright future ahead of him he began life anew. Lumber was hard to get and he bought an old house at Greenbank and moved it to his place where from the lumber thus obtained he built a new house. In a few years he became one of the most prosperous farmers in the county. In the year 1857 he married Margaret Bible, a daughter of Jacob and Sallie Bible. She preceded her husband to the grave by about four years. To Mr. and Mrs. Yeager there were born six children, two sons and four daughters—Mrs. Harper McLaughlin, of Bath county, Va.; Mrs. C. E. Pritchard, of Dunmore; Mrs. Henry Flenner, deceased; Mrs. Dyer Gum and Willie J. Yeager, of Bartow; and Charles A. Yeager, of Marlinton.

Mr. Yeager was a lifelong and consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was one of the most respected citizens of the county. His word was as good as his bond and one of our citizens, who has had extensive business relations with him, stated that he never required any written contracts or agreements when dealing with the gentleman. Nothing that we could say would add to the encomium of the deceased as the news of his death telegraphed to

flowed close by "affording an abundance of mountain trout, and Travelers' Rest was the sportsman's paradise.

The chubby form and kind, genial face of "Uncle Peter" will be recalled by many of them, scattered throughout the state, and they will hear of his death with sorrow.

Fifty years ago, in the days of the old Trotter hack line from Stanton to Beverly, the Yeager home was one of the relays, and it was the Yeagers, Arbogasts and Burgers who then owned the dense forests of pine and oak out of which strangers have made their millions, and speculators have gone mad.

The passing away of these old men leaves little to remind one of former times, for the greed of this century is rapidly and completely transforming this virgin valley.

While the change brought wealth to this typical old mountaineer, the new order did not change his nature nor enhance his happiness, and it is a reasonable claim that in the evening of his life, drowsy with the last long sleep, he called to mind the twilight of former years, when he was lulled to rest by the song of the whippoorwill, the rippling waters and the murmuring of his native pines.

### Eden Minus Adam

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Yeager, J. F. Baxter, (son, L. E. N. C. McNeill and N. W. Nickell.

This ticket will be known as the "Citizens' Ticket." We do not know whether there will be another ticket in the field or not. It is reported that one of our city dads was circulating a petition yesterday to get the names of the present council on the ticket, but as we did not see the petition we cannot verify the report. Neither are we certain whether or not the present officials are anxious to get the job again. At the present time we have not heard that any other convention will be called today.

### Prison Report.

Warden Charles E. Hadley, of the West Virginia penitentiary at Moundsville, has made report to Governor Dawson for months of November and December, as follows:

#### RECEIVED.

State prisoners.....	
U. S. prisoners.....	
Total.....	

#### DISCHARGED.

State prisoners, expiration of sentence.....	
Parole.....	
Conditional pardon.....	
U. S. prisoners, expiration of sentence.....	
Total.....	
Net increase.....	
Prison population November 1, 1906.....	1,220
Prison population December 1, 1906.....	1,245

### More Wrecks.

Two wrecks are reported Greenbrier Division this week. The first one occurred last evening at mile post 15 just west of Anthony. Two or three of the west bound freight trains derailed and the passengers the next day were compelled to transfer, causing a delay of several hours.

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Mr. Yeager was a lifelong and consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was one of the most respected citizens of the county. His word was as good as his bond and one of our citizens, who has had extensive business relations with him, stated that he never required any written contracts or agreements when dealing with the gentleman. Nothing that we could say would add to the encomium of the deceased as the news of his death telegraphed to the Richmond Times-Dispatch from Monterey on the day of his death which we here append.

The death of Peter D. Yeager, which occurred this morning at his old home near the line of the two Virginias, removes a veritable landmark of the Alleghenies. He was an octogenarian, and his long life was spent near the place where he died—the valley of the Greenbrier.

He was long known as the proprietor of Travelers' Repose, a popular hostelry and favorite resort of sportsmen, far and near. Prior to the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio—the Greenbrier branch—the valley in which his resort was located was an ideal hunting ground, the two prongs of the Greenbrier, which

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She will permit her women colonists to have husbands if that condition cannot be avoided, but they will have no part in affairs of the colony. She will endeavor to obtain from the Texas legislature permission for women to exercise the right of suffrage in her colony, and all homes must be in the name of the wife.

Everything that is usually undertaken on Texas farms will be attempted in this Adamless colony, truck farming, fruit raising, bee keeping, dairying, poultry raising, and other kindred farm and ranch pursuits.

#### Dies Boasting of Good Health

Having just remarked to friends that he had never felt better since he left the river on which he ran for years as a steamboat steward, Edward Steller, aged 73, fell dead of heart trouble at Louisville, Ky., November 27. He had just taken a glass of beer and had started toward the door, when he cried out with pain and fell.

Parole  
Conditional  
U. S. prisoners  
sentence  
Total  
Net increase  
Prison population  
1,220; population  
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Yeager was born at Travelers' Rest (now Bartow) June 1836.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he volunteered in the Confederate army and at the end of the war he was around Camp Bartow as a prisoner and sent to the prison at Rock Island.

On his return from the prison he was released from prison and all his property was turned over to him. Not a fence was left on the place and he was in the situation almost as though he would start up. Seeing a bright future for him he began life over again.

Yeager was hard to get to work at an old house at Bartow and moved it to his new place from the lumber thus built a new house. In 1857 he became one of the best farmers in the county.

In the year 1857 he married Sallie Bible. She was his wife for 40 years. To Yeager there were three sons and two daughters.

—Mrs. Harper McCallister, deceased; and Willie J. McCallister, deceased; and Charles McCallister.

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The chubby form and kind, genial face of "Uncle Peter" will be recalled by many of them, scattered throughout the states, and they will hear of his death with sorrow.

Fifty years ago, in the days of the old Trotter back line from Stanton to Beverly, the Yeager home was one of the relays, and it was the Yeagers, Arbogasts and Burners who then owned the dense forests of pine and oak out of which strangers have made their millions, and speculators have gone mad.

The passing away of these old men leaves little to remind one of former times, for the greed of this century is rapidly and completely transforming this virgin valley.

While the change brought wealth to this typical old mountaineer, the new order did not change his nature nor enhance his happiness, and it is a reasonable claim that in the evening of his life, drowsy with the last long sleep, he called to mind the twilight of former years, when he was lulled to rest by the song of the whippoorwill, the rippling waters and the murmuring of his native pines.

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### RECEIVED.

State prisoners.....	39
U. S. prisoners.....	19
Total.....	58

### DISCHARGED.

State prisoners, expiration of sentence.....	19
Parole.....	3
Conditional pardon.....	2
U. S. prisoners, expiration of sentence.....	9
Total.....	33
Net increase.....	25

Prison population November 1, 1,220; population December 1, 1,245.

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#### Gave Kisses for Good Measure.

At Sandusky, Ohio, recently, Justice Garley, of Milan, was relieved of the puzzling question of the relative value of Thanksgiving turkeys, chickens and kisses, when James Dalzell, a poultry dealer, pleaded guilty to an assault charge, preferred by Mrs. Esther Norton, and was fined \$10.

Mrs. Norton, who is pretty, claimed that Dalzell exchanged

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The passing away of these old men leaves little to remind one of former times, for the great of this country is rapidly and completely transforming this virgin valley.

While the change brought wealth to this typical old mountaineer, the new order did not change his nature nor enhance his happiness, and it is a reasonable claim that in the evening of his life, drawn with the last long sleep, he called to mind the twilight of former years, when he was linked to rest by the song of the whippoorwill, the rippling waters and the murmuring of his native pines.

Kramer was made chairman and H. H. Hiner, secretary. The following ticket was nominated: For Mayor—Geo. R. Richardson. For Recorder—S. H. Hiner. For Councilmen—Dr. J. M. Yeager, J. W. Baxter, Geo. L. Eakin, N. C. McNeil and N. W. Nickell.

This ticket will be known as the "Citizens' Ticket." We do not know whether there will be another ticket in the field or not. It is reported that one of our city dads was circulating a petition yesterday to get the names of the present council on the ticket, but as we did not see the petition we cannot verify the report. Neither are we certain whether or not the present officials are anxious for the job again. At the present time we have not heard that another convention will be called today.

### Prison Report.

Warden Charles E. Haddock, of the West Virginia penitentiary at Moundsville, has made his report to Governor Dawson for the months of November and December, as follows:

### RECEIVED.

State prisoners.....	
U. S. prisoners.....	
Total.....	

### DISCHARGED.

State prisoners, expiration of sentence.....	
Parole.....	
Conditional pardon.....	
U. S. prisoners, expiration of sentence.....	
Total.....	

### Net increase

Prison population November 1, 1900.....	1,220
Prison population December 1, 1900.....	1,245

and he bought an old house at Greenbank and moved it to his place where from the lumber thus obtained he built a new house. In a few years he became one of the most prosperous farmers in the county. In the year 1857 he married Margaret Bible, a daughter of Jacob and Sallie Bible. She preceded her husband to the grave by about four years. To Mr. and Mrs. Yeager there were born six children, two sons and four daughters—Mrs. Harper McLaughlin, of Bath county, Va.; Mrs. C. E. Pritchard, of Dunmore; Mrs. Henry Flenner, deceased; Mrs. Dyer Gum and Willie J. Yeager, of Bartow; and Charles A. Yeager, of Marlinton.

Mr. Yeager was a lifelong and consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was one of the most respected citizens of the county. His word was as good as his bond and one of our citizens, who has had extensive business relations with him, stated that he never required any written contracts or agreements when dealing with the gentleman. Nothing that we could say would add to the encomium of the deceased as the news of his death telegraphed to the Richmond Times-Dispatch from Monterey on the day of his death which we here append.

The death of Peter D. Yeager, which occurred this morning at his old home near the line of the two Virginias, removes a veritable landmark of the Alleghenies.

While the change brought wealth to this typical old mountaineer, the new order did not change his nature nor enhance his happiness, and it is a reasonable claim that in the evening of his life, drowsy with the last long sleep, he called to mind the twilight of former years, when he was lulled to rest by the song of the whippoorwill, the rippling waters and the murmuring of his native pines.

#### Eden Minus Adam:

An Adamless Eden in Texas is the dream of Mary F. Hayden, a well known Chicago novelist, who is arranging to establish a colony of a thousand women in Refue county, Tex., on the line of the San Antonio and Arkansas Pass railway. She has acquired title to 5,000 acres, and is now at work on the plans for her new and unique colony.

She will permit her women colonists to have husbands if that condition cannot be avoided, but they will have no part in affairs of the colony. She will endeavor to obtain from the Texas legislature permission for women to exercise the right of suffrage in her colony, and all homes must be in the name of the wife.

Everything that is usually undertaken on Texas farms will be attempted by this Adamless colony, truck farming, fruit raising, bee keeping, dairying, poultry raising, and other kindred farm

Parole .....  
Conditional pardon .....  
U. S. prisoners, expiration of sentence .....  
Total .....  
Net increase .....  
Prison population November 1, 1920; population December 1, 1921.

#### More Wrecks.

Two wrecks are reported in the Greenbrier Division this week. The first one occurred last evening at mile post 151 near Anthony. Two or three passenger cars and the west bound freight train derailed and the passenger cars were derailed the next day were causing a delay of several hours.

Wednesday afternoon five cars on the Greenbrier Division through freight were derailed at the Improvement Lick, near Marlinton. No one was hurt. The time was spent by the division in getting the track straightened and the passenger trains were delayed. The wrecks were caused by the spreading due to the condition of the ties.

#### Gave Kisses.

At Sandusky, N. Y., Justice Garley believed of the relative value of the various breeds of turkeys.



word was as good as his bond and one of our citizens, who has had extensive business relations with him, stated that he never required any written contracts or agreements when dealing with the gentleman. Nothing that we could say would add to the encomium of the deceased as the news of his death telegraphed to the Richmond Times-Dispatch from Monterey on the day of his death which we here append.

The death of Peter D. Yeager, which occurred this morning at his old home near the line of the two Virginias, removes a veritable landmark of the Alleghanies. He was an octogenarian, and his long life was spent near the place where he died—the valley of the Greenbrier.

He was long known as the proprietor of Travelers' Repose, a popular hostelry and favorite resort of sportsmen, far and near. Prior to the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio—the Greenbrier branch—the valley in which his resort was located was an ideal hunting ground, the two prongs of the Greenbrier, which

to 5,000 acres, and is now at work on the plans for her new and unique colony.

She will permit her women colonists to have husbands if that condition cannot be avoided, but they will have no part in affairs of the colony. She will endeavor to obtain from the Texas legislature permission for women to exercise the right of suffrage in her colony, and all homes must be in the power of the wife.

Everything that is usually undertaken on Texas farms will be attempted by this Adamless colony, truck farming, fruit raising, bee keeping, dairying, poultry raising, and other kindred farm and ranch pursuits.

#### Dies Boasting of Good Health.

Having just remarked to friends that he had never felt better since he left the river on which he ran for years as a steamboat steward, Edward Steller, aged 73, fell dead of heart trouble at Louisville, Ky., November 27. He had just taken a glass of beer and had started toward the door, when he cried out with pain and fell.

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when he prayed: "Make me glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted me and the years wherein I have seen evil."

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### WILLIAM AULDRIDGE.

William Auldrige, Senior, the ancestor and founder of the family relationship of that name in our county, was a native of England. His mother, who by her second marriage became Mrs John Johnson, a pioneer of Marlinton, lived to be more than one hundred years of age. His wife was Mary Cochran. Mr Auldrige built up a home at the Bridger Notch, and it is believed the old barn stood on the spot where one of the Bridger boys died. This place is now owned by William Auldrige, a grandson.

There were six sons and three daughters: Sarah, Elizabeth, Nancy, Thomas, William, John, Samuel, James, and Richard.

Thomas Auldrige, the eldest son, when in his prime was considered one of the strongest men physically in West Pocahontas. The first revelation of his strength was at a log rolling. The champion of the day attempted to take young Auldrige's handspike—which was a fancy article of its kind. The young athlete picked up both the champion and the disputed handspike and laid them on the log heap, with apparent ease.

Upon his marriage with Elizabeth Morrison, daughter of James Morrison, on Hills Creek, Thomas Auldrige leased lands now owned by John R. Poage near

Clover Lick, where he spent most of his working days. He then bought of Jacob Arbaugh and Captain William Young, near Indian Draft, and opened up the property now owned by his son, Thomas Auldridge. The sons of Thomas Auldridge, Senior, were James, William, Thomas, and the daughters were Sarah, Elizabeth, and Mary.

James Auldridge, the eldest son, first married Mary Ann Barlow, and settled on land now occupied by Nathan Barlow, and then moved to the home near Edray where he now resides. His children were Henry, Miriam, Elizabeth, Moffett, and George. He was sadly bereaved of his first family by the ravages of disease, one son George, alone was spared. James' second wife was Julia A. Duncan, a grand daughter of Colonel John Baxter. One daughter, Mary, now Mrs Lee Carter. George Auldridge, the survivor of the first family, married Huldah Cassel, and lives on the homestead near Edray.

William Auldridge married Elizabeth Moore, and settled on a part of the homestead. Their children were Malinda, Hanson, and Eliza.

Thomas Auldridge, Junior, married Catherine Moore and lived on the homestead. Two daughters, Mrs Margaret Hannah, on Bucks Run, and Mrs Ida McClure, who lives on a part of the old homestead.

Sarah Auldridge, daughter of Thomas Auldridge, Senior, married the late J. Harvey Curry, near Frost. Her life is believed to have been shortened by the exposure and exertion due to the burning of the home near Frost. Her son Ellis Curry married Miss Rock,



and lives near Dummore. William Curry went to Missouri. Mary Curry married Benjamin Arbogast, and lives near Greenbank. Emma Curry married William T. McClintic, and lives near Beverly. Bessie married J. K. B. Wooddell, and lives in Ritchie County.

Elizabeth Auldrige married Henry Moore and lives near Driftwood.

Mary Ann Auldrige married William Moore, of Elk. One daughter, Ann Moore, survives her.

William Auldrige, Junior, married Nancy Kellison and settled on the Greenbrier, two miles below the mouth of Swago. Their only child, Martha, married Geore Hill, son of Abram Hill of Hills Creek. While he was in service in 1861 at Valley Mountain he contracted the measles. He came home and his wife took down also with the same disease, and the two died within a week of each other, leaving a daughter, who is now Mrs Robert Shafer. William Auldrige's second wife was a Miss Shafer. Her son, James Edgar Auldrige, lives on the homestead.

John Auldrige married Rebecca Smith, who is particularly mention in the memoirs of John Smith, of Stony Creek.

Samuel Auldrige, son of William Auldrige the ancestor, married Miriam Barlow and settled at the Bridger Notch, finally on Greenbrier River near Stamping Creek. His children by the first marriage were William, John, and Mary Ann. Mary Ann died young. John was a Confederate soldier and was killed in battle. William lives at Millpoint.

Samuel Auldrige's second wife was Susan Grimes.

Mention is made of her family in the Grimes memoir.

James Auldridge was a tailor by occupation, worked awhile at Frankford, and then went to Missouri.

Richard Auldridge, youngest son of William the ancestor, married Hannah Smith, daughter of John Smith.

Sarah Auldridge married William McClure, and settled on the Greenbrier River, below Beaver Creek. Their children were James, Rachel, Mary, and Bessie. Rachel became Mrs Jacob Pyles; Mary, Mrs George Overholt, on Swago. Bessie died in her youth. James McClure was married three times: First wife, Miss McComb; second, Miss Pyles; and third, Miss Frances Adkinson. He lives on the homestead.

Elizabeth Auldridge married Jacob McNeil, and settled in Floyd County, Virginia.

Nancy Auldridge was married to the late Moore McNeil, on Swago.

Thus closes for the present the chronicles of this worthy man's family. The writer would make mention of the assistance given him by James Auldridge and his son George.

The venerable man whose history we have been tracing—as illustrated by his descendants—was a very estimable person. He was an ever busy, industrious, and exemplary citizen. His influence was ever for sincere piety, strict honesty, and quiet judicious attention to his own concerns. These same qualities characterize many of his worthy posterity. Early in his manhood he was greatly disabled by a falling tree and was seriously crippled for life; and yet the work he

and his children accomplished in opening up abundant homes, under difficulties, is truly remarkable and worthy of special appreciation. He loved to hunt, and on one occasion came near being killed by a panther from which he escaped with difficulty.

Mr Auldridge, owing to his disabled condition, became a school teacher, and pursued that vocation for years, and did much good in that line. When he died at an advanced age several years since, the common remark was that one of our best old men had gone from us.

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### CHRISTOPHER HEROLD.

Among the prosperous citizens of Pocahontas County in its early development, Christopher Herold deserves recognition of a special character. He was of pure German parentage—his immediate ancestry came from the Fatherland, settling in Pennsylvania, thence removing to Virginia. Though he could not read English, no one would have suspected it, so well posted he seemed to be in political matters and current affairs. His powers of memory were surprising, and his business sagacity was equal to any of his contemporaries. He was honest and enterprising. He and his sons accumulated an immense landed estate on Elk, Douthards Creek, and other places, amounting to many thousands acres.

Christopher Herold married Elizabeth Cook, of Pendleton County, and soon after their marriage located on Back Creek, now known as the Thomas

he has found the explanation to be a disease of the nervous system that is so highly infectious as to sweep the whole round of humanity at recurring periods.

John Webb remained in his bachelor home until he became disabled by the infirmities of advanced age. Then it was the late Martin Dilley, of revered memory took charge of the old veteran; He built a very comfortable cabin for his use in the yard near his own dwelling, and cared for him until the old soldier "fought his last battle" on the borders of the unseen world. This building is standing yet. His grave is in the Dilley Grave yard, on the line between the Andrew Dilley and John Dilley lands.

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### WILLIAM BAXTER.

Among the worthy citizens of our county deserving of special mention was William Baxter, near Edray, W. Va. He was born on Little Back Creek, in 1808. He was the eldest son of Colonel John Baxter, whose name appears prominently in the early history of Pocahontas County. His mother was Mrs Mary Moore Baxter, a sister of Joseph Moore of Anthonys Creek. She was a very industrious and careful housekeeper, and diligently trained her children in habits of industry and economy.

At an early age his parents moved to Pocahontas County, and resided a good many years at the Sulphur Spring. Being the eldest son, he worked hard in assisting to support the family, consisting of four sons and three daughters. His sisters were Mrs Jane



Moore, wife of the late John Moore near Marlinton; Mrs Martha Duncan, wife of Henry Duncan, head of Stony Creek; and Mrs Sarah Duncan, wife of William Duncan, near Edray,

Mrs Baxter and three sons, Joseph, John, and George, finally located in Braxton County, where she died a few years thereafter. John died, too, soon after the removal to their new home. Joseph was a Federal soldier, and died of wounds in Kanawha County. George was a Confederate soldier, and died a prisoner of war somewhere in the State of New York.

From early boyhood William Baxter manifested great fondness for reading, and he improved his available opportunities very studiously. His father owned the largest and most select library then in the county, and William read most of the books. At an early day he began teaching, and was one of the most popular teachers of his day. In 1840 he purchased land sold for taxes by the late Jacob Arbogast, as commissioner, and built up a home on property now owned by his son George Baxter, County Surveyor.

This land was a section of the Philips Survey, dated 1795, and the papers call for twenty thousand acres. This famous survey began at the McCollam place, extended beyond Beaver Dam, thence on to Williams River, and from there came out on Elk at the mouth of Crooked Fork, thence passed on towards Greenbrier River at a point near Verdant Valley, thence along the lines of Drennan, Gay, and others to and up Stony Creek near the old Salt well, and thence to the beginning.

His wife was Elizabeth Barlow, daughter of John Barlow. By industry and economy this worthy couple opened up a pleasant home in the primitive forest and reared their family very respectably indeed. George, Samuel, and William Baxter, near Edray, and Mrs Mary Moore, near Marlinton, are their surviving children.

For many years William Baxter, Senior, served as justice of the peace and member of the Pocahontas court. He was a skillful amanuensis, and did a great deal of work in that line, framing business papers, as articles of agreement, conveyances, deeds, and wills. His opinions were much relied upon as to the right or wrong of questions that would occasionally arise between neighbors, and frequently matters were quietly adjusted that otherwise might have led to tedious court proceedings, and much disagreeable personal animosities.

This model citizen was moreover regular and attentive in his attendance upon all religious services within his reach, but did not avow his trust in a personal Savior until advanced in life.

He died September, 1881, aged about 73 years. In two or three weeks thereafter his faithful wife also passed away, thus lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death not long divided. At this day there are many to rise up and call them blessed.

history so few survive to repeat, sowed in tears, in privations, and hardships what we who now live are reaping in a joyful harvest. What they sowed in tears we the living may reap with grateful joy, if we have proper appreciation of what they did and suffered in their day and generation. Let us not forget that the frugality, industry, and careful attention to duties that enabled them to secure this goodly heritage, is all important for us to observe and imitate in order to keep it from slipping away and vanishing from our reach.

Like busy bees the pioneer people all over our county tried to improve every shining hour, and turn to some good account every opportunity in sight, no matter how hard it may have seemed. It has been well said that those who look only for easy places, will finally round up in the hardest places and have no way to get out except by death.

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### WILLIAM EDMISTON.

William Edmiston, in whose memory this biographic paper has been prepared, was one of the early settlers of the lower Levels. He seems to have been born and reared in upper Greenbrier, near Falling Spring, and his ancestry came from Augusta County. His wife was Rebecca Walkup, from the Falling Spring vicinity, where there are families of the name now residing. She was a sister of the late John Walkup, of Falling Spring, a greatly respected citizen and exemplary Christian man. One of her sisters was the wife

of Samuel Beard, who was a brother of Josiah Beard, and his home was in Renicks Valley.

Upon his marriage with Rebecca Walkup, Mr Edmiston settled a few miles south of Hillsboro. Their family consisted of one son, James Edmiston, and four daughters, Rebecca, Jennie, Mattie, and Margaret.

James Edmiston married Margaret Woods, of Nicholas County- He settled on Cooks Dry Run, at the "Sinks," which is now known as the Peter Clark place. The names of James Edmiston's children known to the writer were Samuel, William, Christopher, and Rebecca. This daughter Rebecca became the wife of Jackson Edmiston, son of Andrew Edmiston, a brother of William Edmiston.

About 1840 James Edmiston sold his possessions to the late Andrew Johnson and migrated to Iowa, where many of his descendants now live.

Rebecca Edmiston became the second wife of Jonathan Jordan.

Jennie Edmiston was married to Isaac Hill. Upon his decease she and her family removed to the State of Iowa.

Martha Edmiston married George Hill, and settled on Hills Creek and spent her life there.

Margaret, the fourth daughter of William Edmiston, was married to George McCoy, moved to Cedar County, Iowa, and were among the first settlers of their vicinity, and grew up with the development of that renowned county. William McCoy, their son, could not forget the girl he left behind, but returned to Poca-



hontas and married Elizabeth Grimes, daughter of the late Hon John Grimos.

These few particulars illustrating something of the family history of these good people have been laid before our readers with the assistance of the late Mrs Nancy Callison and the venerable James McCollam. The writer has some remembrance of these persons personally, but not very distinct as to any important impressions.

Mr Edmiston and the late Samuel Davies Poage were congenial friends and attached Christian brethren though of different persuasions and rather strenuous in their respective doctrinal views. This indicated that their hearts were imbued with a pious fervor that got the better of their mere intellectual doctrinal notions. They agreed to disagree, and not mar their Christian fellowship with vain wrangling about their respective creeds and formalities.

Mr Edmiston's piety was of the highly emotional, demonstrative type, and for years his emotions seemed to be the first to kindle and burn with the holy fervor that makes religious services so interesting to many persons. His Christian character was above reproach, and all regarded him as sincere. He was looked up to as a master Christian, and had it not been for the somewhat counteracting influence exerted by Nathaniel Kinnison, a silent, calm Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile, the impression might have been that no one could expect to be a model Christian like Mr Edmiston without his zeal and demonstrative fervor.

Such might have been the impression, but when the

characters of Nathaniel Kinnison and Davies Poage were considered, the impression prevailed there were different ways in which people could be warm hearted, genuine Christians, and so there was mutual respect and lovely Christian fellowship.

For many years Mr Edmiston was a pillar in the M. E. Church, and the secret of his influence was his lovely Christian deportment. Nathaniel Kinnison was also a pillar in the M. E. Church, but his piety was that developed in the calm retreat, the silent shade, that seemed to him by God's bounty made for those who worship God—so suitable for personal prayer and praise to the unseen though ever present one.

When far advanced in life Mr Edmiston vacated his old pleasant home amid the gently rolling lands and pleasant groves for a home on Hills Creek, and his last days were spent amid the inviting scenes that surround the place where Daniel Peck now lives.

The writer feels grateful that he ever knew this good old man, even to a slight extent, and may the time never come when the presence of persons of like Christian fervor, generous, liberal, fraternal impulses cease to exist, for should such a dire calamity befall the county then envy, strife, confusion, and many evil works will be tolerated—all in the name too and for the sake of religion.

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### JOHN YEAGER, SENIOR.

For well nigh a hundred years the Yeager name has been a familiar one. The Yeager relationship derive

Moore McNeil, the youngest son of William the teacher, became a preacher, and entered the itineracy under the auspices of the Methodist Protestant church, and traveled many years with marked success and acceptance in the counties of West Virginia bordering the Ohio River. His wife was Miss Eliza Jane Donaldson. At the present time he resides at Smithville, in Ritchie County. He is however still vigorous, and performs much ministerial service, in connexion with the duties laid upon him by the care of a large family and the management of extensive farming operations.

Thus we have traced the history of Thomas McNeil, the pioneer of Swago, as exemplified by brief allusions to those of his descendants whose names have been communicated to us. His name deserves honorable recognition for his courage in penetrating the danger-recesses of these forest wilds, at the time among the most exposed and dangerous points of the Indian frontier. He overcame difficulties and encouraged others to do the same, and showed how it was done. Then when this place came to be too narrow, his sons and daughters trained by him were fitted to make the best of the opportunities opened up on the Ohio frontier and were ready for them.

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### WILLIAM A. GUM.

The Gum relationship in Pocahontas consists of two groups, descendants of Jacob Gum and William A. Gum respectively. The group considered in this paper trace their ancestry to William A. Gum, who left

Highland County (then Pendleton) in 1831, and located on the Redden place near Greenbank, now occupied by John Grogg. In 1841, Mr Gum moved to Back Alleghany and settled in the woods, and opened up lands now in the possession of his sons.

Mrs Gum was Elizabeth, daughter of James Higgins of Pendleton. They were the parents of one daughter and two sons: Margaret Elsie, James Henry, and Francis McBryde.

Margaret was first married to James A. Logan, and first settled on a section of the homestead. Her children were John Commodore, who died in 1861 while quite young, and Elizabeth, who became Mrs E. O. Moore, and lived on Deer Creek near Greenbank.

By her second marriage Mrs Logan became Mrs Gragg, and lives on Back Mountain near the homestead. It is her mother in law, Mrs Zebulon Gragg, who is believed to be the oldest person now living in the county.

James H. Gum first married Sally Ann, daughter of Zebulon Gragg, and settled on a part of the homestead. His second marriage was with Tilda Hoover, daughter of Abel Hoover, near Gillespie. He was a Confederate soldier, attached to the 62d Regiment of mounted infantry, that formed a part of General Imboden's command.

Francis McBryde Gum first married Elizabeth Peck, from Lewis County, and settled on the homestead. There were two children by this marriage, James Floyd and Virginia Elizabeth, who are living near Montgomery City, Missouri. His second marriage was